AN

ELEGY,

Sacred to the Memory

OF

Dr. Thomas Kenn,

The Depriv'd Biſhop of Bath *and* Wells.

WHen Great Men dy'd the Cuſtom was of Old,
To have their Names in ſacred Verſe enroll'd,
That future Ages might Inſtructions find,
And learn from them to cultivate the Mind;
The Great and Good are ſtill the Muſes Care,
By them they live, by them Immortal are.
That *Ken's* unequal'd Acts may long remain;
Muſe raiſe my Thoughts to ſome Exalted Strain;
May his unbounded Genious guide my Tongue,
His own Seraphick Notes inſpire my Song,
That I in laſting Numbers may deſcribe,
How well he liv'd, how like a Saint he dy'd.
Loaded with Learning and with Years he fell,
Thou Laſt Great Pattern of thy Tribe, farewell.
In Thee the Church hath loſt a Stedfaſt Friend,
Whom no Attempts of State, no Arts could bend;
In Thee thy Suffering Brethren too have loſt,
The only Man they always valued moſt;
A Man in every State of Life Compleat,
Great without Pomp, and without Grandure Great.
Of Judgment ſtrong, of Principles unmixt,
By no new Turns of Government unfixt,

Still

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Still he kept ſafe between the two Extreams
Of Popiſh Fury, and Fanatick Dreams;
He lov'd his Prince, but lov'd his Conſcience moſt;
One He Obey'd, for t'other all He loſt,
Nor could He be by Perſecutions croſs'd.
His Reverend Aſpect, and his Meen Divine,
With greater Luſtre made his Virtues Shine;
Methinks I ſee Him lifting up his Hand,
Amidſt a Kneeling Crowd of People ſtand
Diſpenſing Bleſſings which even Heaven command.
I hear Him now, and ſee his melting Eyes,
And ſighing loud my Friends, my Friends, He cries,
Would you your Holy Mothers Grief allay,
The Primitive Rule's to Suffer and Obey.
Oh Wondrous Man thy Piety and Parts,
Thy Knowledge in the nobleſt uſefull'ſt Arts,
Thy Learning, Affability, thy Wit
Spoke Thee for Noble Converſation fit,
Theſe wrap'd Thee faſt in bounteous *Weymouths* Breaſt
Weymouth with every Grace adorn'd with every Virtue bleſt.
Farewell bleſt Saint, almoſt invok'd below,
But hear me firſt and grant this pious Vow,
Be thou our Guide, and Guardian Angel now;
For if Departed Souls can intercede
None can the Churches Cauſe ſo fitly plead;
None ſuffer'd more, none better knew her State,
Nor can Her Danger better deprecate.

FINIS.

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